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definitely observable laws enable us to do any great thing. It is possible, by measuring and administering quantities of color, to paint a room wall so that it shall not hurt the eye; but there are no laws by observing which we can become Titians. It is possible so to measure and administer syllables, as to construct harmonious verse; but there are no laws by which we can write Iliads. Out of the poem or the picture, once produced, men may elicit laws by the volume, and study them with advantage, to the better understanding of the existing poem or picture; but no more write or paint another, than by discovering laws of vegetation, they can make a tree to grow. And therefore, wherever we find the system of formality and rules much dwelt upon, and spoken of as anything else than a help for children, there we may be sure that noble art is not even understood, much less reached. And thus it was with all the common and public mind in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The greater men, indeed, broke through the thorn hedges; and, though much time was lost by the learned among them, in writing Latin verses and anagrams, and arranging the frame-work of quaint sonnets and dexterous syllogisms, still they tore their way through the sapless thicket by force of intellect or piety; for it was not possible that even in literature or in painting, rules could be received by any strong mind, so as materially to interfere with its originality; and the crabbed discipline and exact scholarship became an advantage to the men who could pass through and despise them; so that in spite of the rules of the drama, we had Shakespeare, and in spite of the rules of Art, we had Tintoret,—both of them to this day doing perpetual violence to the vulgar scholarship and dimmed proprieties of the multitude.

But in architecture it was not so; for that was the art of the multitude, and was affected by all their errors; and the great men who entered its field like Michael Angelo, found expression for all the best part of their minds in sculpture, and made the architecture merely its shell. So the simpletons and sophists had their way with it, and the reader can have no conception of the insanities and puerilities of the writers who, with the help of Vitruvius, re-established its "five orders," determined the proportions of each, and gave the various recipes for sublimity and beauty, which have been thenceforward followed to this day, but which may, I believe, in this age of perfect machinery, be followed out still farther. If, indeed, there are only five perfect forms of columns and architraves, and there be a fixed proportion to each, it is certainly possible, with a little ingenuity, so to regulate a stone-cutting machine, as that it shall furnish pillars and pieces to the size ordered, of any of the five orders, on the most perfect Greek models, in any quantity; an epitome, also, of Vitruvius, may be made so simple, as to enable any bricklayer to set them up at their proper distances, and we may dispense with our architects altogether.

But if this be not so, and there be any truth in the faint persuasion which still lurks in men's minds, that architecture is an art, and that it requires some gleam of intellect to practise it, then let the whole system of the orders and their proportions

be cast out and tramped down as the most vain, barbous, and paltry deception that was ever stamped on human prejudice; and let us understand this plain truth, common to all work of man, that, if it be good work, it is not a copy, nor anything done by rule, but a freshly and divinely-imaged thing. Five orders! There is not a side chapel in any Gothic cathedral, but has fifty orders, the worst of them better than the best of Greek ones, and all new; and a single inventive human soul could create a thousand orders in an hour.* And this would have been discovered even in the worst times, but that, as I said, the greatest men of the age, found expression for their invention in other arts, and the best of those who devoted themselves to architecture were in great part occupied in adapting the construction of buildings to new necessities, such as those developed by the invention of gunpowder (introducing a totally new and most interesting science of fortification, which directed the ingenuity of Sannicheli and many others from its proper channel), and found interest of a meaner kind in the difficulties of reconciling the obsolete architectural laws they had consented to revive, and the forms of Roman architecture which they agreed to copy, with the requirements of the daily life of the sixteenth century.

CORREGGIO:

A Tragedy by

ADAM OEHLENSCHLAGER.

Translated by Theodore Martin.

(Continued.)

ACT THE FIFTH.

A wood; in the back-ground Silvestro's hut. A large, gnarled oak near the hut, fitted up as a chapel; the picture of the Magdalen, in a frame, suspended on the tree. Little stone steps lead up to the tree, the hollow and branches of which are cut out and interwoven so as to form a circular temple. In the foreground, large plane trees, and to the right, a fountain bubbling from a mound of earth and stones, and winding away in a rivulet through the wood.

VALENTINO.

An aged bandit, very large and stalwart, with a swarthy brown visage; his hair caught up in a green net, over which he wears a broad round hat; a long, dark beard hangs in his belt; a sword by his side, a carbine on his shoulder. He sits ruminating beside the fountain.

How all things change with time; and with them, too,
Changes the way we look at,—think of them! Some thirty years ago I ranged the woods, And hated this proud world ferociously. Then did the shadow of these boogs beget A thirst for blood within me. If I chanced Upon a hollow tree, I viewed it, then. But as an ambuscade and tower of strength, To make my swoop from on the traveller.— The flowers appeared no better in my eyes Than rank weeds, good but to be trodden down. I ne'er felt happier, or more content, Than after massacre and plunder; then I revell'd in my cavern with my band, And felt myself a Pluto, kin to Jove,

* That is to say, orders distinguished by such distinctions as the old Greek ones; considered with reference to the hearing power of their capital, all orders may be referred to two, as long ago stated; just as trees may be referred to the two great classes, monocotyledonous and dicotyledonous.

A mighty king of the grim nether world. All this is alter'd now, as age comes on! My flesh creeps coldly now in this dark cave, As though its shadows said, Soon shalt thou rest.

In darkness evermore! Enjoy the light, The little space it yet is left to thee. I have no pleasure now in shedding blood, And never do, unless in sudden wrath, Or as a piece of needful policy. 'The Aged Valentino!' 'Tis a name Brings livid fear to every lip that speaks it. The women stop the squalling of their brats In nurseries with it, and in the very court The haughty judge is silent when he hears it, Grows pale, and drops his pen in trembling fear.

I am a deal more dreaded than the devil. Nor do I find my strength has fail'd me yet; But, out! alas! I want the pluck I had. What can the reason be? I cannot tell! For, though I be a bandit and a murderer, I never ceased, because of this, to be A good, sound Christian too. The one is quite Consistent with the other. True it is, That in my life I've not been over nice, That I have scored full many a pale across, Slit a few throats, dishonour'd wives and maids, And help'd myself to money and such like; But yet no man shall say of me, that—I Have let one day go by, I have not said At least three paternosters; I, besides, Have gone with punctuality to mass, And purchased absolution for myself, As well for sins gone by as sins to come. This being so, why, any man would think I should be sure to travel post to heaven, Now, in my failing years; and yet my fear More slow than any vetturino crawls Along the upward road. At unawares Will an avenging angel, fiery-eyed, Start from the thicket, mark me with a gun, Wrest from me all my little sum of hope, And hurl me down, like Lucifer of old, Deep through the earth into the pit of hell.

Enter SILVESTRO from the hut; he kneels before the picture of the Magdalen, and repeats his evening prayer.

There is the eremite, the old Silvestro. A feeble man, pale, haggard in the face: Yet does his eye look strong and full of light. My cheek is brown and vigorous as autumn, But when my eye is mirror'd in the brook, Methinks 'tis full of trouble, wan as autumn, And trembling cold with an uncertain light. So killing is one solitary thought, So full of balm are confidence and hope.

SILVESTRO
(rises, and advances towards him.)

The Lord be with you, friend!

VALENTINO.

Thanks for your wish!

Do you know me, holy father?

SILVESTRO.
Yes, you are

A huntsman.

VALENTINO.

Ay, a rifleman!

SILVESTRO.
And so

We both are anchorites.

VALENTINO.

And greybeards both!

SILVESTRO.

And both awarey of the world.

VALENTINO.

It seems so!

SILVESTRO.

And therefore both of us direct our eyes
Away from earth to God's eternity.

VALENTINO.

If that would profit aught.

SILVESTRO.

Why should it not?

VALENTINO.

You are a pious man; at the first tap,
St. Peter will admit you; but for me,
A wild, loose-living fellow, and a huntsman,
That hosts of harmless animals has slain!—

SILVESTRO.

And were you even a bandit, if you turn
Repentant to the cross, imploring grace,
It will not be denied you.

VALENTINO.

Do you know me?

SILVESTRO.

I know you, Valentino.

VALENTINO.

And fear nothing?

SILVESTRO.

No; rather do I hope, with God's good aid,
To chase away all anguish from your heart.

VALENTINO.

You know, then, what is stirring in my mind?

SILVESTRO.

Not rocks alone and forest trees, my son,
Are privy to your pangs; I know them too.Enter several bandits, leading, FRANCESCO
BATTISTA.

BRUNO.

A pretty puppet this, with purse well lined,
And full crann'd knapsack on his back to boot!
Captain, by your good leave, I'd like to pluck
This bird's fine feathers off, and then to twist
His neck about—he is the vintner's son,
Son of that hux Battista in Correggio.

SECOND ROBER.

The avaricious hound that spoils our trade!

THIRD ROBER.

That often has refused us a cool draught,
Night's lodgings, and all common courtesies,
When, as poor artizans, we sought his roof.

VALENTINO.

A sneaking hypocrite, an envious knave.
A pitiful, backbiting, cursed villain!
Bandits are angels pure compared with him;
For strength and prudence can at least forearm
Against assault; but yonder crawling snake
Stings folks to death or ever they're aware.
My blood boils, when I think of such a scoundrel!For it was all his blame, that Nicostrato,
My brother and my friend in death and life,
Was beat to death with clubs; his many limbs
Hack'd and disfigured by the hangman's knives,
Because his lordship's cur,—his lordship ne'er
Had done it—counsel'd stretching on the rack.
So take his son; I give him as a victim,
His blood shall serve to cool my vengeance in.(The bandits are about to lead off FRANCESCO;
he casts himself at VALENTINO's feet, and
exclaims)

FRANCESCO.

Mercy, oh, mercy!

VALENTINO.

(half drawing his stiletto).

Hence, thou viper's spawn!

SILVESTRO

(seizes the picture of the Magdalene with one
hand, and VALENTINO's arm with the other.)
Mercy! What has the miserable youth
E'er done to thee? Curb thy unholy rage!
If nature's everlasting dictates failTo move thy harden'd disposition, still
Show that thou art a Christian man at least,
Spare the poor youth, nor deserter the presence
Of this blest picture here with innocent blood!
Behold this skull,—even such shalt thou become,
Behold this book,—it is the Bible, where
For this is written the command, that thou
Shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Behold
This saintly woman, who with hero's strength
Divorced herself from sin. Do thou the like,
And save thy soul alive; be human!

VALENTINO

(starts back in amazement, when he sees the
picture.)

Hold!

Let him go free! By heaven, the Saint is
near,—
Is present! Not her picture, she herself,
Has staid my hand. Do you all see her there,
The Sancta Magdalena? Do you see
The suppliant for fallen and sinful souls?
Our own sweet saint; do you see her?

ALL THE ROBBERS,

(who have involuntarily taken of their hats,
and knelt before the picture.)

Yes, we do!

How fair she is, how pictured to the life!
Ora pro nobis, Sancta Magdalena!

(Cross themselves.)

VALENTINO (to FRANCESCO.)

Go hence in peace! And for thy rescue thank
This blessed saint, and next to her the man,
Unto whose soul her brightness was reveal'd,
That he might show her to his fellow-men!

SILVESTRO (to FRANCESCO).

This picture's by Antonio Allegri,
The humble painter, and thy father's neighbour.
(Exit FRANCESCO.)

(To VALENTINO)

I thank thee!

VALENTINO.

We shall meet again to-morrow.

Exit SILVESTRO into the hut.)

NICOLÒ (Enters).

Captain, 'tis well I've lighted on you here.
A painter, one Antonio, of Correggio,
Will presently go by; upon his back
He bears a huge sack fill'd with copper coin,
And, what is better still, upon his finger
The loveliest signet ring!

VALENTINO.

Thou coward beast!
And thou wouldest rob the worthy artist, who
Can make such glorious saints, and even in
heartsOf iron kindle feelings such as these?
Does he not live at strife with all the world,
Even as ourselves? Is he not hunted down,
And scorned like us? Artists and bandits are
Both people of one order. Both avoid
The broad and dusty road of daily life,
And for themselves make pleasant, shady paths
Through flowered glades. What, hurt an artist,
thouDisgraceful varlet! Thou a hero, thou!
Was it for this I sent thee to the house
Of the rich nobleman, that thou shouldst filch
From the poor labourer his daily wage?
Pack to the devil, cur! Thou merit'st not
To live in any honourable band
Of gallant fellows!

NICOLÒ.

But I thought—

VALENTINO.

Go hang!
Down to the cave, down every man of you!
I've much, ay much to tell you yet to-day.
A little time, and I must leave the band;
For I am old, and conscience has its rightsAs well as you. Quite long enough you've
reap'dThe harvest of my labour and my brains.
There lack not precedents of kings who've laid,
Because of failing years, their sceptres down,
And I shall follow their example soon.Whilst yet I stay with you, no murder, look
you!

The wealthy you may plunder as before,

The poor you shall permit to pass scot-free.

Such my command. Will you obey it?

ALL.

Yes,

If you'll consent to stay amongst us still.

VALENTINO.

No further foray shall we make to-night.

Antonio goes free through bush and brake,
And no loose birds shall hover on his path,
But such as carol sweetly from the boughs.

(Exeunt banditi.)

ANTONIO

(enters, carrying the bag; on his bare head
he wears the laurel wreath; he throws
down the bag, and seats himself beside the
fountain.)I can no more. My strength is wholly spent.
Thank heaven, thank heaven, here is the spring
at last!

Oh for a goblet now, that I might drink!

If I could only reach my home, to give
The money to my darling! What alarms!
Will rack her, as night falls, and I come not!
What's this? The blood is mounting to my
head.(Takes off the laurel wreath and contemplates it.)
'Tis very fresh and cool,—my head is burning.

Thee I devote to immortality!

But immortality begins with death.

Ha, my fair goddess! Was thy meaning this?

(LAURETTA, a peasant girl, with her milk-
pail on her head, is seen crossing the wood.)
Who comes so blithe, and singing as she goes?Lauretta? Yes, our neighbour's daughter,
going

To milk her kids, at this late hour, a-field!

LAURETTA.

Why, as I live, it is Antonio!

ANTONIO

Good evening, Lauretta!

LAURETTA.

Here at last!
Your wife, Maria, has been full of fears,
Because you were so long in coming back.

ANTONIO.

I've walked as rapidly as I was able.

LAURETTA.

'Tis a long way to go, and you are tired?
No wonder either.

ANTONIO.

Will you, my good girl,
Lend me your pail to take a drink with it?
I've nothing here to lift the water in.

LAURETTA.

Where have you left your hat?

ANTONIO.

My hat? In Parma.
LAURETTA.And what is that you have there on your head?
A laurel wreath! It sits upon you bravely.

A comely ornament. Who gave it you?

ANTONIO.

One from above!

LAURETTA.

You artists, you forget
All else among your dreams. I will not have
An artist for my husband; should I marry,
I'll choose a man who won't, at all events,
Forget his wife.

ANTONIO.

Nay, good Lauretta, nay !
I never did forget Maria, never !

LAURETTA.

(dips her pail in the fountain, and gives it to him to drink).

Now drink your fill !

ANTONIO (drinks eagerly).

How exquisitely cool !

LAURETTA.

Right from the caverns of the lower world.

ANTONIO (smiling).

Thanks, thanks to thee, thou sweet Rebecca,
thanks !

I shall provide thee some day with a husband.

LAURETTA.

Why not at once ?

ANTONIO (tries to get up.)

I must be going now—
I'm very tired ! (sits down again).

LAURETTA.

Sit still, and rest awhile !

Maria's coming with her little boy,
To meet you, and will very soon be here ;
So wait, and you may go together home !

ANTONIO.

Strange, but I feel a sinking at the heart !

LAURETTA.

You're too much given to sadness, Master Antonio !

This comes of painting pictures of the saints.
Come, sit beneath this tree, and rest your limbs,
And I will sing you there a little song,
Will chime delightfully beside the spring.

ANTONIO.

Yes, sing, my child, and brighten up my heart !

LAURETTA (sings.)

The fairy dwells in the rocky hall,
The pilgrim sits by the fountain fall,
The waters tumble as white as snow,
From the rocks above to the pool below ;
Sir Pilgrim, plunge in the dashing spray,
And thou shall be my own love alway !

From the bonds of the body thy soul I'll free,
Thou art bound to me in the woods with me.
Sir Pilgrim into the waters dash,
And ivy white thy bones I'll wash,
Deep, deep shall thou rest in my cozy home,
And the waterfall o'er thee shall burst in foam.

The pilgrim he thrills, and to rise were fain,
But he durst not, so he sat by the fountain ;
The fairy she comes with her golden hair,
And she hands him a goblet of water fair ;
He drinks the cool draught, and he feels again
The frenz of fever in heart and brain.

It chills his marrow, it chills his blood,
He is drunken of death's deceitful flood ;
Pale, pale he sinks on the roses red,
There lies the pilgrim, and he is dead.
The whirlpool sweeps him far down, and there
His bones 'mongst the sedges lie blanch'd and bare.

And now from the body the soul is free.
Now at midnight it comes to the greenwood tree ;
In spring, when the mountain strain runs high,
His ghost with the fairies goes dancing by ;
Then shines through the forest the wan moon's beam,
And through the clear waters his white bones gleam.

(Rising.)

But it grows late, and I must leave you now,
'Tis time I were away to milk my kids.
God speed you ! Soon Maria will be here
With your Giovanni for you.

ANTONIO.

Many thanks !

LAURETTA.

No cause for that !

[Exit.]

ANTONIO (gazes after her.)

Thou'rt right ! A joyful song,
A trumpet call of death ; a jubilate

Of the dark powers that work beneath the world !
Such thirsts Italy did ne'er beget
Upon her flowery breast. Fair Lombardess,
Thou from thy mother didst inherit them,
And she from her, to whom through years they

came
Down from that ancestress, who hang'd herself
In knotted coil of a wild horse's tail,
Mad with the thought, that her barbarian lord
The battle lost. She said to me, God speed you !
And not Farewell ! She handed me the draught
Of Death,—the fairy with the golden locks !
It chill'd my marrow, and it chill'd my blood.
By heaven, I lived the ballad through, the while
She with a heart so blithe was singing it.

(Collects himself, is silent for a moment,
and then proceeds more calmly.)

It is with fancy as with every power,
With every spark of flame ; before it dies,
It flashes up, but once, a bright farewell.
So be it ; I fear not. If she were a fairy,
Then the fair being who in Parma crown'd
My head with laurel, was my Muse ; so too
Maria will no wretched widow be,
She is the heavenly Maria's self ;
Giovanni, thou no senseless orphan art,
Thou art Giovanni's self, the little angel,
Who follow'd with the Agnus-Dei staff
Maria unto earth, to consummate
And guide my art to Christianity's
Aggrandisement and glory. Yes, 'tis so !

(Cheerfully.)

How sweet the evening is, how blue and cool !
The coolness fans me with its angel wings,
And soothes me. East, a whispering rain is
falling ;

The sun sinks in the west, but in the south
Still paints a glorious rainbow on the dew.
How gladlymost the green smiles forth on me.
Like hope from out the blue eternity !
I feel as though the seven blest colours beamed
A bright all hail ! in this my parting hour,
As though they beckon'd me from these dim
shades

On to pure light, their stainless parent's home.

(Takes up the bag.)

I take thee up, thou heavy load of life,
For the last time. Thou cruel Mammon ! Still
The spirit's foe, whose aims are not of earth !
Thou art avenged ! The little that my pencil
Wrested from thee, oppress'd my shoulders ever
With iron weight. Soon shall I live without
you !

Oh come, Maria ! my Giovanni, come !
Only one look, one little, last farewell !
Yes, thou kind heaven, I ask but this one joy,
Life's sweetest—and I die without a murmur !

(Exit.)

(On the other side, enter MARIA with GIOVANNI ; he has the Agnus-Dei staff in his hand.)

GIOVANNI.

Why does not father come, dear mother—why !

MARIAS.

He will come soon, I hope ; he has had much
To do to-day in Parma.

(To be continued.)

GERMAN papers speak highly of the new Gallery at Dresden. The Dutch pictures are not better placed—but the Italian are much improved. The plate glass has been removed from the Raphael Madonna. Holbein's "Maria" has a place of honor. The whole alteration took only three months. The Gallery is open gratis every day, except Saturday, when a small fee of about fourpence is demanded.—*Athenaeum.*

* Green among the northern nations is regarded as the color of hope.

Part III.

FAED'S MILTON AND SHAKESPEARE.

THERE can be no better illustration of the great and perfect system of government by law than the just view of technical Art. As in the perfectly regulated community, each member endeavors so to fill his place that the general good and order may be most fully subserved, never obstructing himself or his office on the attention of others, so in the perfectly painted picture, there is no detail that is not perfect in itself, and yet completely subordinated to the general effect of the picture, so that when you regard it as a whole, you shall feel the true and harmonious combination of many things into one, and on regarding each part it shall yet be entirely satisfactory as an individual. There are two ways of departure from this golden mean—the one, which may be called the tyrannical, being the entire sacrifice of the dignity and independent perfection of the details to the central conception and general effect, so that when you have received this effect, there is nothing further to be obtained ; the other, which, correspondingly, may be called the anarchical, is that in which detail constantly obstructs itself on our notice, heedless of the general unity and order, and of the effect of the whole. No least part is willing to be overlooked for an instant, and so the whole is lost to all good purpose.

These conditions are alike erroneous, yet they characterize almost all modern Art ; and of the two, most unthinking men prefer the former as bearing the semblance, at least, of order, and because the impertinence of an ill-governed populace is, of all social evils, most distressing to sober and conservative minds. But the other is, to thoughtful men, more hopeful, because it is only through the perfect development of the individual that general perfection can be reached, and though in itself a disagreeable state, it is endured as promising grand results when the details, individually perfect, shall learn their true positions and accept them. It is in this state that the most of English painting exists at present. Pre-Raphaelitism cast down the gauntlet to human authority in Art, and the good old radical spirit of the English people began to manifest itself in a series of defiant vagaries and ultraisms, as if to recompense itself by an extraordinary degree of liberty for its long bondage to tradition and academism ; and with this there came too much of what we have called the anarchical error. Painters learned to delight too strongly in the perfection of detail considered by itself, and there arose a large, and we are sorry to say, exceedingly popular school, who paint detail with great accuracy and skill, but with very little regard to the higher ends of Art. In their works the accessories become principal, and the central idea is omitted—the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out.

The pictures under notice are excellent examples of this class ; painted with astonishing skill and dexterity, with exceeding accuracy both of texture and local color, they are yet destitute of a central thought, for the individuals purporting to name the pictures, are as much accessory as the carved book-case or table, for all wait on and bear witness alone to the painter's